

AMALGAM

LEGENDS OF THE

# DARK CLAW



**#1**  
APR 88

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LARRY HAMA · JIM BALENT · RAY MCCARTHY

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"BLACK AND  
WHITE AND RED  
ALLOVER"--

--IT DOESN'T  
TAKE A DETECTIVE TO  
FIGURE OUT WHERE  
YOUR CLUE WAS POINT-  
ING TO, HYENA...

SNKT!

SNKT!

SPANG!

PING!

BWEEEE!

VIP!

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... BUT HOW DOES THE GOTHAM GAZETTE PRINTING PLANT FIT INTO YOUR NEFARIOUS SCHEME?

THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW AND YOU TO FIND OUT, DARK CLAW!

AREN'T YOU CURIOUS AS TO WHY I DROPPED YOU A HINT ABOUT WHERE I WAS GOING TO STRIKE NEXT?

**BRAKABRAKABRAKA!**

NOT MUCH.

--IT'S NO FUN IF I JUST TELL YOU!

THIS ISN'T TWENTY QUESTIONS!

I DON'T EXPECT YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME, ANYWAY!

**SCRIP!**

**THWAK!**

**SHRANK!**

YOU WERE ALWAYS SUCH A HUMORLESS STICK-IN-THE-MUD!

SO INFLEXIBLE!

AWW--

**SLAMM!**

YOU NEVER WANT TO PLAY!!

**BRAAAP!**



YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE A WAS!

OH, MY!!

HOW UNCHARACTERISTICALLY DROLL!!

HAVE WE BEEN STAYING UP LATE AND WATCHING THE COMEDY CHANNEL?

THROUGH  
GLASS  
DARIKILY

SPAK!

POP!

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O'NEIL



THIS IS THE END OF YOUR STAND-UP ROUTINE, HYENA!

GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T JUST CUT YOUR THROAT AND DROP YOU INTO TRAFFIC!



NO ALTERNATE SIDE OF THE STREET BODY-DUMPING ON WEEKDAYS?

WEAK.

OH, I'VE GOT A GOOD ONE--!

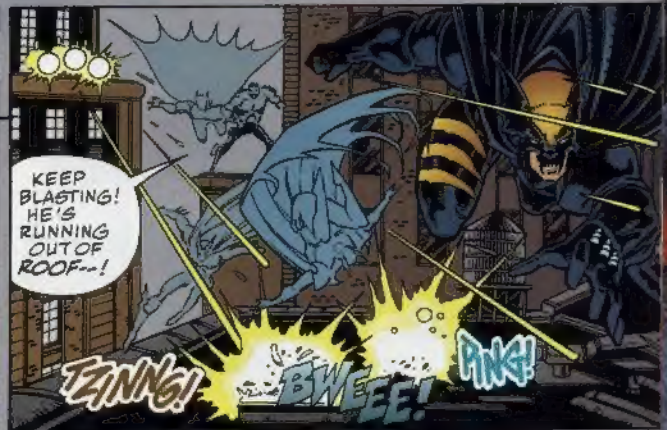


--HOWSABOUT MY PACK SHOWS UP AND BLOWS YOU AWAY??

BLAM!  
BRAKABRAKAI!  
THOOM!



STEP BACK, BOSS--AND WE'LL WASTE HIS FACE!



KEEP BLASTING! HE'S RUNNING OUT OF ROOF--!

TZING!  
BWEEE!  
PINK!



AWW! NO MORE WOOF!  
DAWK SWAW GONNA FALL DOWN, GO BOOM!

I'M NO PUDDY TAT, HYENA!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, OLD MAN!

DON'T CALL ME THAT!

LOOK, YOU STUCK ME WITH SPARROW WHEN I WANTED TO CALL MYSELF DEATH URGE OVERDRIVE--

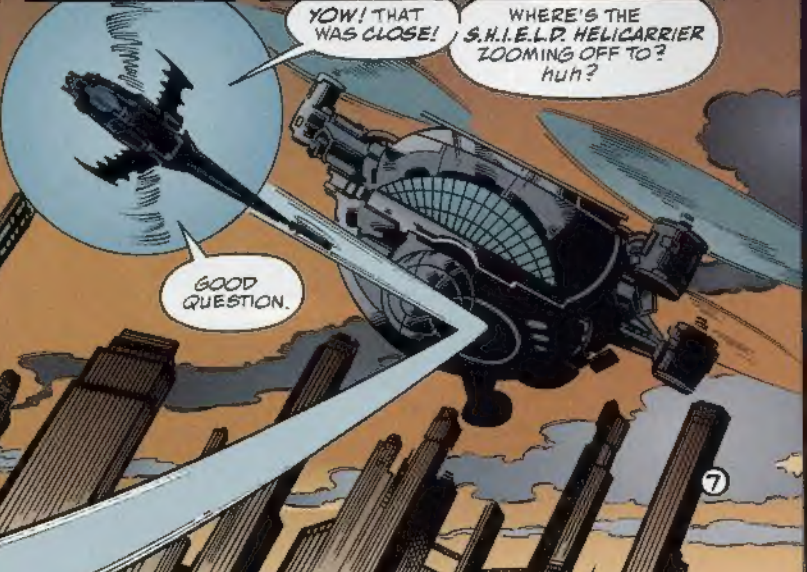
SPARROW IS A PERFECTLY GOOD NAME--

--WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

COMIN' AROUND FOR A STRAFING RUN--

KICK OVER THE CYCLIC--!

--THOSE THUGS HAVE MISSILES!



HANG ON!

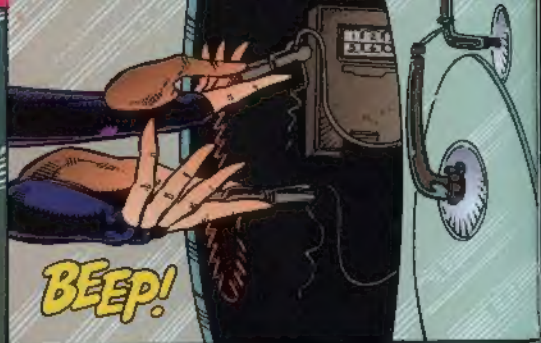
HEAT SEEKERS! HOW DID YOU--?

YOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WHERE'S THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER ZOOMING OFF TO? HUH?

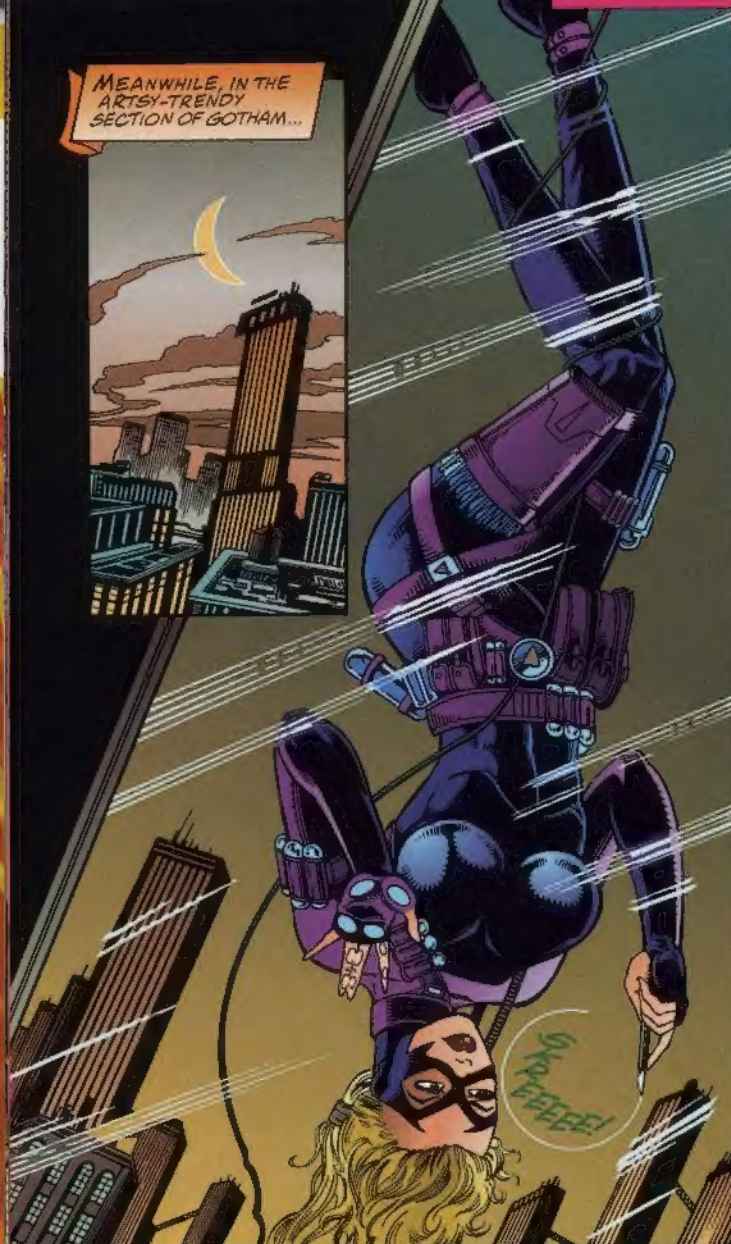
GOOD QUESTION.

MEANWHILE, IN THE ARTSY-TRENDY SECTION OF GOTHAM...



**BEEP!**

11:45 PM. I HAVE DISABLED THE ALARM SYSTEM AND I AM NOW ENTERING THE PENTHOUSE LOFT OF ONE LOGAN, TECHNO-WIZARD, PAINTER, SPORTSMAN AND WALKING ENIGMA.



I AM IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE HIS STUDIO.



A PROFUSION OF LARGE, BOLD CANVASSES IN HIS DISTINCTIVE STYLE; SAID BY SOME CRITICS TO "POSSESS THE FURY OF FERAL SLASHES."

THERE ARE STAIRS...

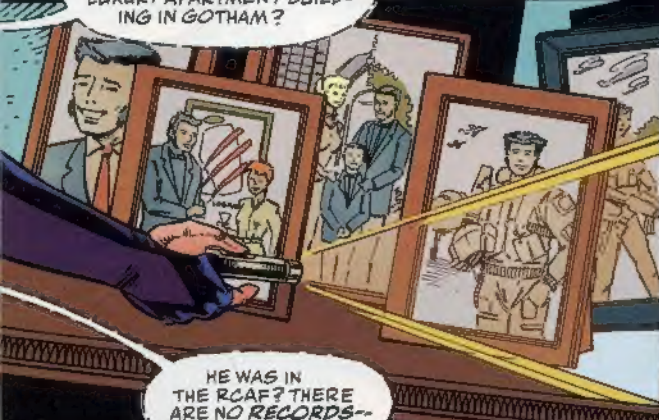




...THAT LEAD UP TO THE MASTER BEDROOM.

ACCORDING TO WHAT LITTLE THERE IS IN HIS DOSSIER, LOGAN WAS AN ORPHAN, RAISED IN AN INSTITUTION IN EDMONTON, ALBERTA...

...THEN WHY DOES HE HAVE PHOTOS OF HIMSELF AS A CHILD WITH WHAT APPEAR TO BE HIS PARENTS, STANDING IN FRONT OF A LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING IN GOTHAM?



AND WHAT WAS HE DOING IN SOUTHEAST ASIA? AND--

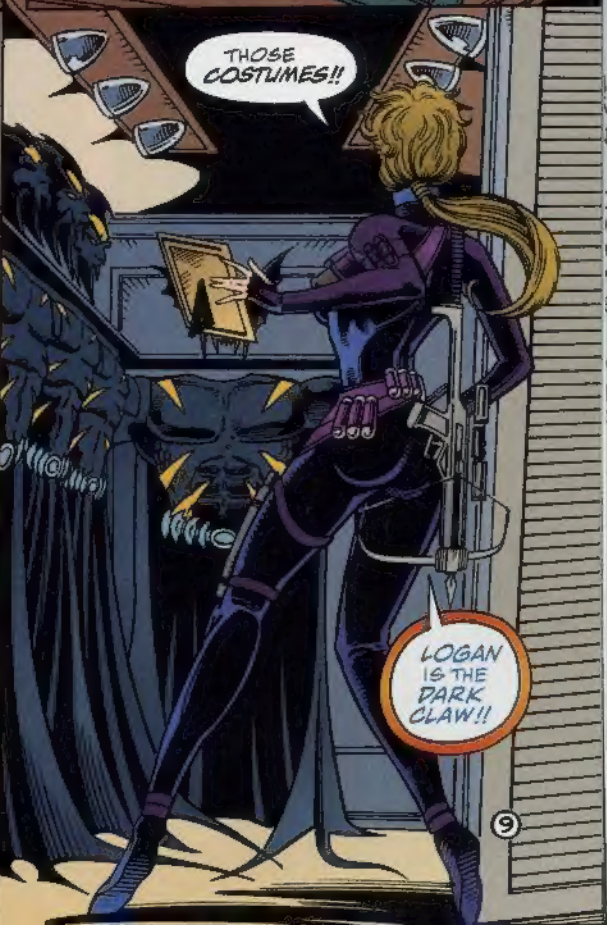
--THE OTHER MAN IN THIS PHOTO IS CREED!

HE WAS IN THE RCAF? THERE ARE NO RECORDS--

THAT MEANS HE KNEW THE MYSTERIOUS MR. CREED H. QUINN BEFORE THE PROJECT--



--GOOD LORD!!



THOSE COSTUMES!!

LOGAN IS THE DARK CLAW!!



AND YOU ARE THE HUNTRESS--

--A.K.A. CAROL DANVERS!

A SECRET PASSAGE AND ELEVATOR BEHIND THE CLOSET WALL-- SO THAT'S HOW YOU GET IN AND OUT--

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW WHO I WAS--?

I'M A DETECTIVE, REMEMBER?



WHAT ELSE HAS YOUR IMPERTINENT SNOOPING UNCOVERED?

NOT MUCH!

WHEN I ACCESSED YOUR ULTRA-ULTRA FILE IN THE TOP SECRET ARCHIVES, IT TURNED OUT TO BE AN ELABORATE FICTION!

JUST HOW DEEP IS YOUR COVER, LOGAN?

AS DEEP AS YOUR OWN, IF YOU KNOW THAT MUCH ABOUT ME!

THANG!

YOU USED TO RUN OPS FOR SOME NO-NAME, NO-VISIBLE BUDGET, FEDERAL PUZZLE-PALACE DIRECTORATE--WORD WAS YOU WENT ROGUE.

YOU'RE OUT IN THE COLD, RIGHT? RUNNING ON A LONG LEASH?



YOU EXPECT ME TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH?

WHAT DO I DO WITH YOU?

I'M BLOWN IF I LET YOU WALK OUT OF HERE.

HOW DID YOU TUMBLE ON TO ME, ANYHOW?

I WASN'T OUT TO TRACK DOWN PARK CLAW-- I WAS AFTER THE HYENA...

... AND THE HYENA'S TRACKS HAVE A WAY OF CROSSING LOGAN'S!

LOGAN, CREED, AND FOUR OTHERS WENT INTO A SECRET CANADIAN PROJECT BACK WHEN THERE WAS STILL AN EVIL EMPIRE TO BATTLE.

ALL THE RECORDS OF THAT PROJECT HAVE BEEN CONVENIENTLY DESTROYED.

... EXCEPT FOR A FEW FRAGMENTS OF NOTES BY A PROFESSOR CARTER NICHOLS WHICH MENTION TWO SCIENTISTS NAMED CORNELIUS AND WINES.

"I TAKE IT THAT SOMETHING WENT TERRIBLY WRONG AT THE PROJECT--?"

ACTUALLY, THE PROGRAM WAS A RESOUNDING SUCCESS.

IT PRODUCED EXACTLY WHAT IT SET OUT TO PRODUCE...



"... A REMORSELESS KILLING MACHINE DEVOID OF ALL HUMAN COMPASSION."

"A PERFECT WEAPON"



"THEY FORGOT ONE IMPORTANT THING ABOUT WEAPONS."



"THEY ARE USUALLY INERT OBJECTS THAT CAN'T GET UP OFF A TABLE AND DO HARM BY THEMSELVES."



THEIR MISTAKE WAS IN CREATING A WEAPON WITH AN IMAGINATION.

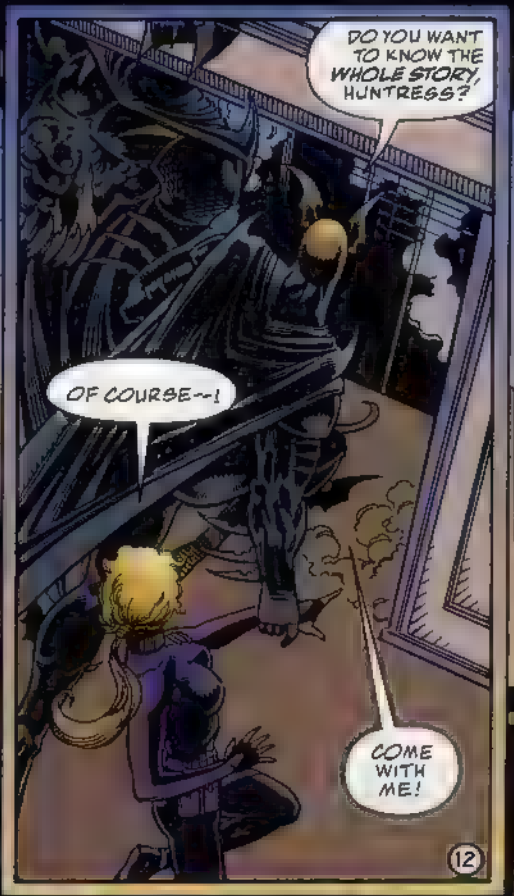
THAT WAS YOU?

NO.

I WAS THE FAILURE.

USELESS TO THEM AS A WEAPON, YOU SEE...

... BECAUSE I WAS POSSESSED OF A CONSCIENCE.



DO YOU WANT TO KNOW THE WHOLE STORY, HUNTRESS?

OF COURSE--!

COME WITH ME!

EEEEEEEEE



--WELCOME TO THE BARROW.

DON'T PANIC ON ME, MS DANVERS--!

THIS IS A PNEUMATIC TUBE WITH AN AIR-CUSHION AT THE BOTTOM.

THAT PORTRAIT-- IT'S THE SAME AS THE ONE IN YOUR BEDROOM...

...ARE THEY YOUR PARENTS?

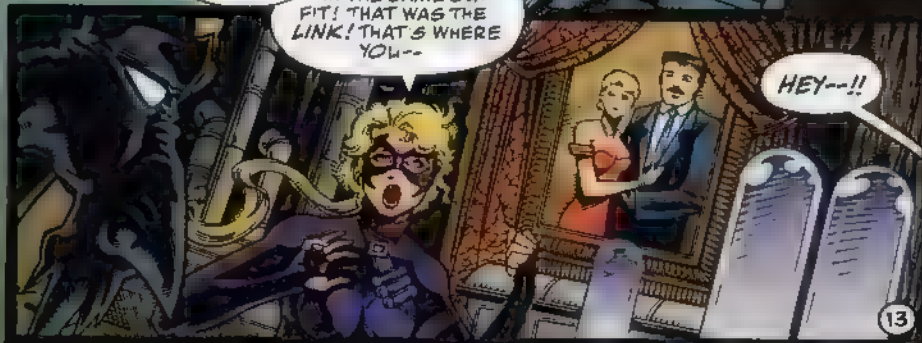
I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD WHEN THEY WERE SHOT DOWN IN FRONT OF ME BY AN ARMED ROBBER

I WAS SENT TO LIVE WITH MY UNCLE IN ALBERTA, UP NEAR BUFFALO WOOD. HE WAS A MOUNTIE. SOME ROACHERS AMBUSHED HIM AND LEFT HIM TO DIE IN THE SNOW. THE RCMP SENT ME TO A HOME RUN BY NUNS. AS SOON AS I WAS OLD ENOUGH, I SIGNED UP FOR THE AIR FORCE--

--ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE SECURITY!

CREED WAS IN THE SAME OUTFIT! THAT WAS THE LINK! THAT'S WHERE YOU--

WE ARE GOING DEEP BELOW THE BED-ROCK OF GOTHAM, DOWN TO A LAIR THAT ONLY TWO OTHER PEOPLE HAVE EVER SEEN OR EVEN HEARD OF--



HEY--!!

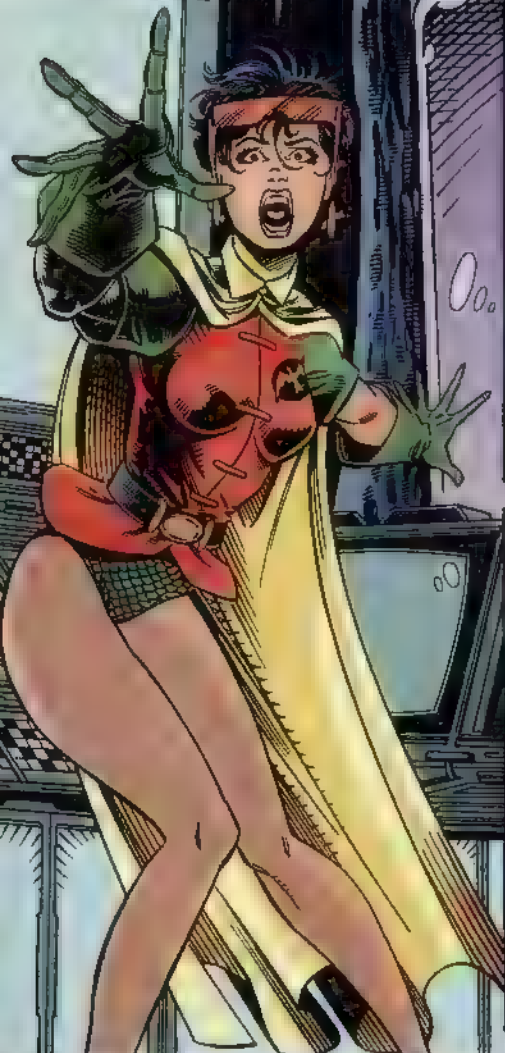
--WHAT'S THIS DAMAGED BIMBO DOING IN HERE??

SHE CALLED IN HER MARKERS AT LANGLEY AND USED HER PUSH AT DOD TO ACCESS THE BANKS OF SUPER CRAYS UNDER MARYLAND!

SHE WAS SNIFFING FOR CREED AND CAME UP WITH LOGAN.

THIS IS TOTALLY UNCOOL AND UNACCEPTABLE!!

WE CAN'T LET HER WALK OUT OF HERE KNOWING ABOUT ALL THIS--!!



WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, SPARROW--?

WELL--YEAH!!

--TAKE HER OUT IN THE WOODS AND LOSE HER?



GET REAL, K D DID YOU TIE DOWN THE HELICOPTER IN THE ROOF HANGAR?



TIED DOWN AND SECURED.

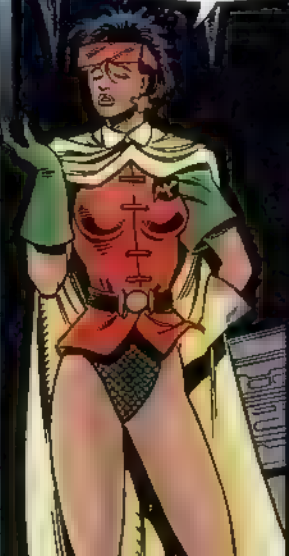
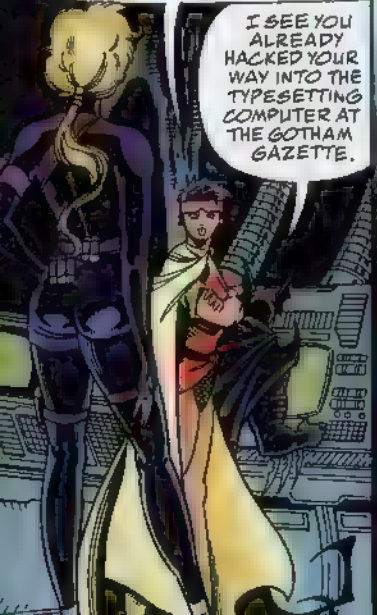
I SEE YOU ALREADY HACKED YOUR WAY INTO THE TYPESETTING COMPUTER AT THE GOTHAM GAZETTE.

PIECE OF CAKE.

THE ACCESS CODE TURNED OUT TO BE "GUTENBERG."

YOU DID GOOD, DARLING.

CHEE...



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR IN THE GAZETTE COMPUTER?

WHEN I TANGLED WITH THE HYENA AT THE PRINTING PLANT, I NOTICED THAT CREED WAS WEARING A STATIC ELECTRICITY DISCHARGE WIRE ON HIS WRIST.

HE WASN'T THERE TO PLANT A BOMB AT ALL-- HE WAS THERE TO GO INSIDE THE GUTS OF A COMPUTER--

--THE DISCHARGE WIRE IS TO PREVENT DAMAGE TO THE MEMORY.



HE'S A REAL JOKER, 'CLAW--

PUNCH IT UP, SPARROW!

--MAYBE HE WAS MESSING WITH THE HEAD LINES FOR THE MORNING PAPER?

SO, WHY GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO INTERFERE WITH THE TYPOGRAPHY OF THE NEWS-PAPER?

ALREADY PUNCHED, AWESOME ONE!

WHUZZIS, A REBUS?



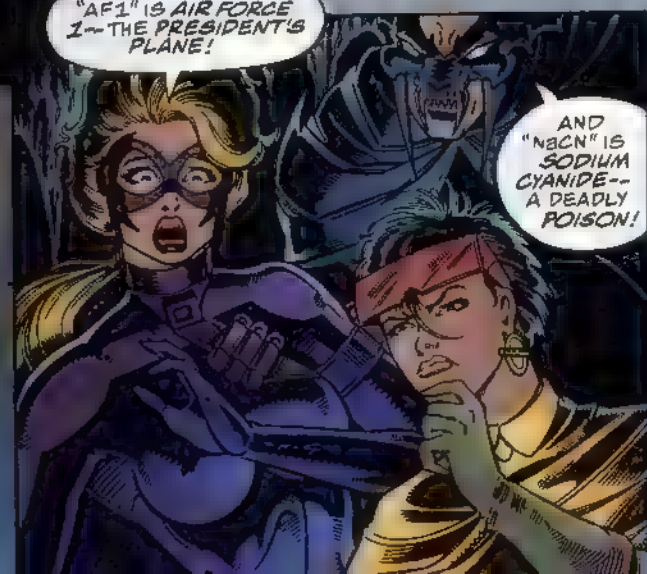
# The Gotham Gazette

## AF 1+NaCN=

"AF1" IS AIR FORCE 1--THE PRESIDENT'S PLANE!

AND "NaCN" IS SODIUM CYANIDE-- A DEADLY POISON!

THE PRESIDENT IS IN GOTHAM AND DUE TO FLY BACK TO WASHINGTON IN TWENTY MINUTES!





TWENTY MINUTES LATER AT GOTHAM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...

AIR FORCE 1, YOU HAVE PRIORITY CLEARANCE TO TAKE OFF FROM RUNWAY 2!

ROGER THAT, TOWER! DO WE HAVE A GREEN LIGHT FROM SECURITY?



NEGATIVE! WE HAVE AN UNIDENTIFIED HELICOPTER OVER THE FIELD ON AN INTERCEPT WITH AF1!

THAT THING DIDN'T SHOW UP ON RADAR! IT MUST BE RUNNING A THIRD GENERATION PASSIVE ECM SUITE!



WE HAVE A BOGEY INTERCEPT! ABORT THE TAKEOFF!

WE CAN'T! TOO MUCH VELOCITY AND NOT ENOUGH RUNWAY! WE'RE COMMITTED!!



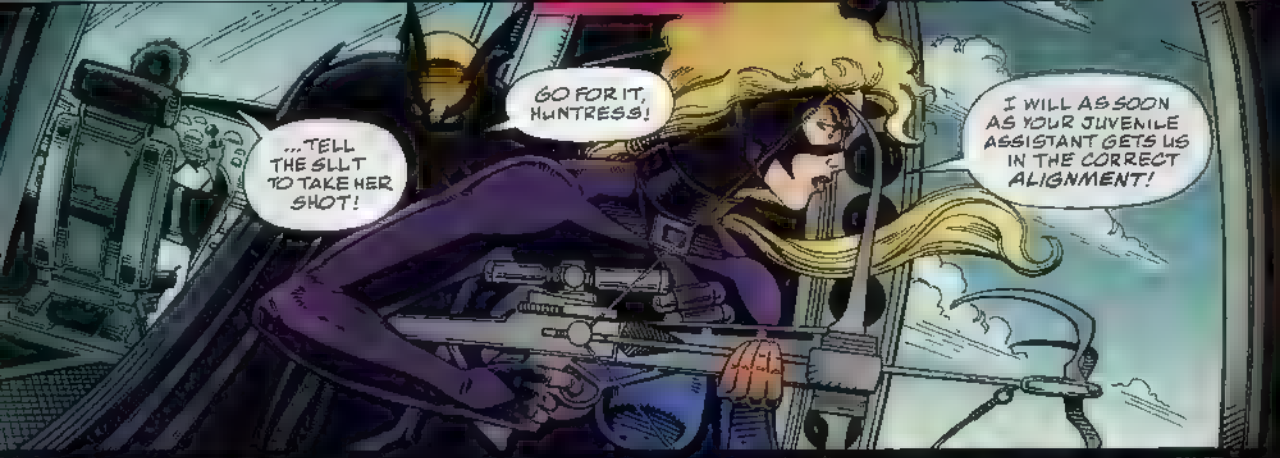
SITUATION RED! SECURE THE QUARTERBACK!



PULL ALONGSIDE AND MATCH SPEED, SPARROW!

IT'S GONNA BE ROUGH, 'CLAW! THAT THING IS PUTTING OUT TURBULENCE LIKE A SPASTIC WHALE...!





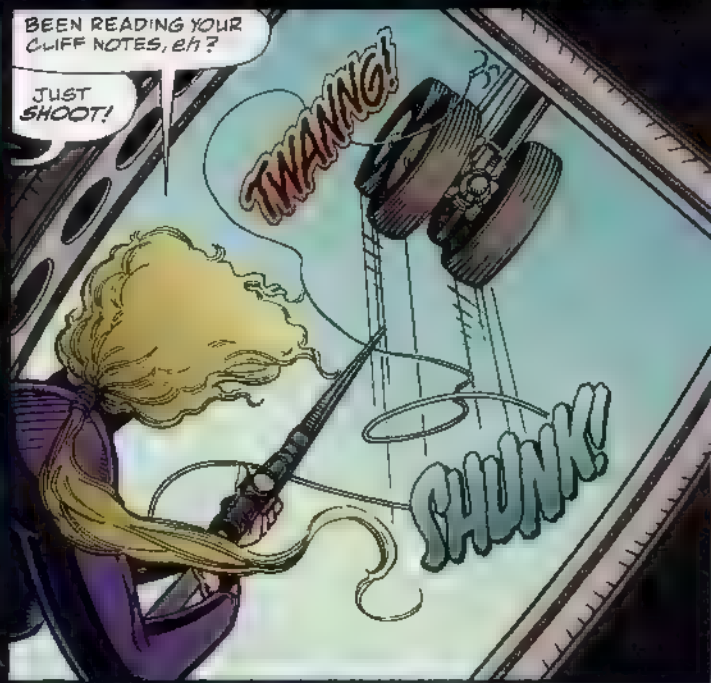
...TELL THE SLLT TO TAKE HER SHOT!

GO FOR IT, HUNTRESS!

I WILL AS SOON AS YOUR JUVENILE ASSISTANT GETS US IN THE CORRECT ALIGNMENT!



THIS IS AS GOOD AS IT GETS, WILHEMINA TELL!



BEEN READING YOUR CLIFF NOTES, eh?

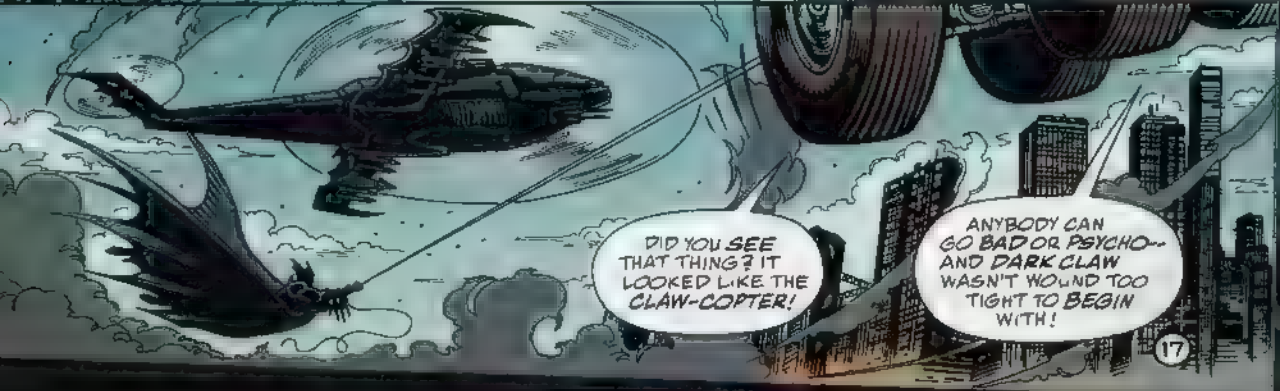
JUST SHOOT!

TWANG!

SHUNK!



BANK AWAY! I NEED TO CLEAR THE ROTORS!



DID YOU SEE THAT THING? IT LOOKED LIKE THE CLAW-COPTER!

ANYBODY CAN GO BAD OR PSYCHO-- AND DARK CLAW WASN'T WOUND TOO TIGHT TO BEGIN WITH!

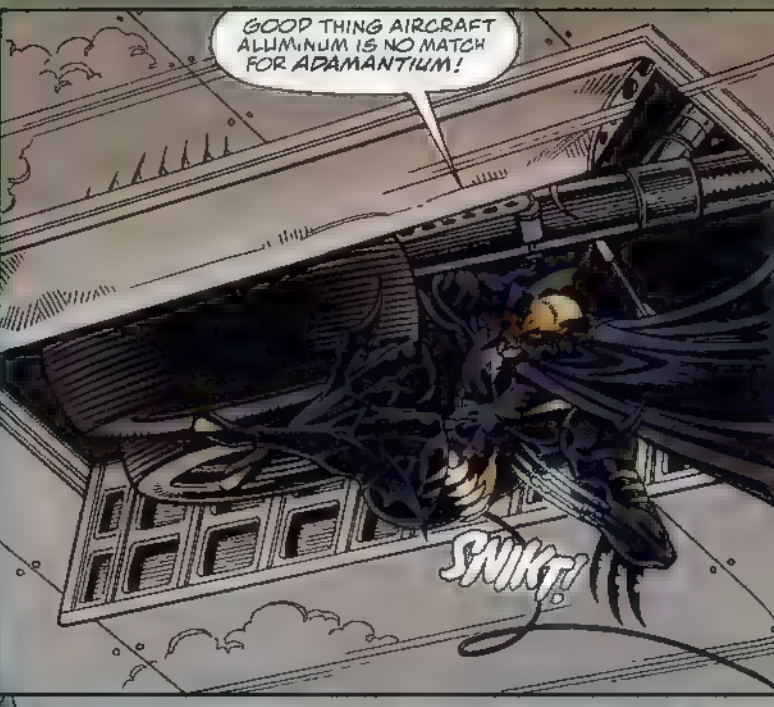


GEAR IS RETRACTING...

HAVE TO GET UP INTO THE WELL BEFORE THE COVERS CLOSE AND LOCK!

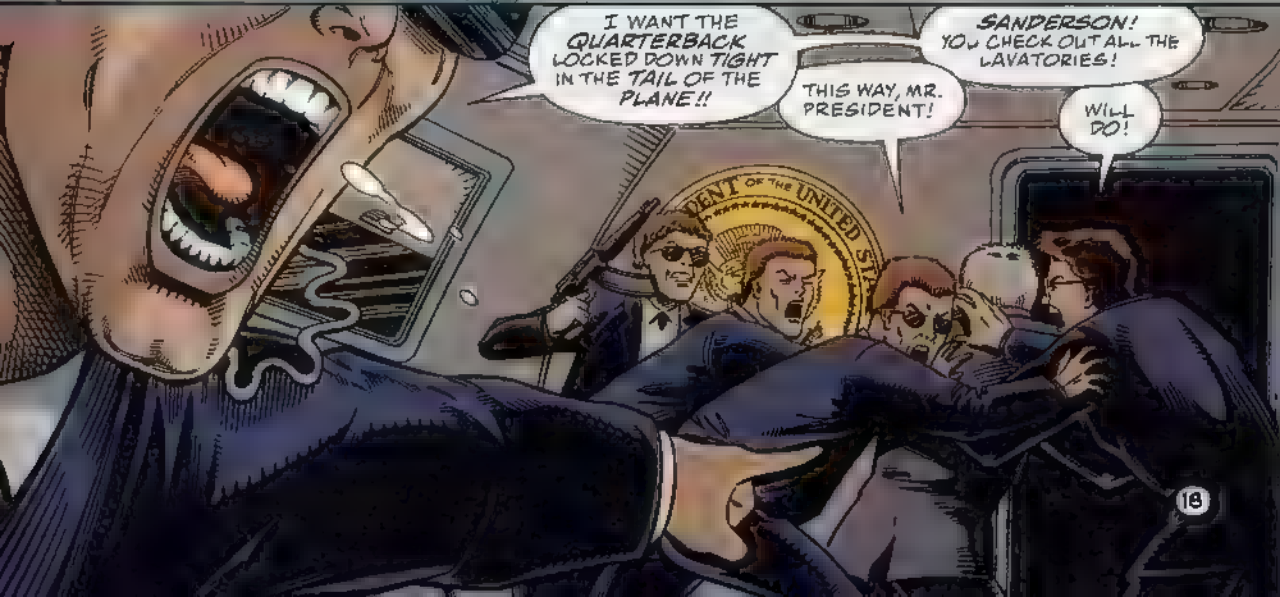


HE'S CLIMBING UP THE NOSE WHEEL!



GOOD THING AIRCRAFT ALUMINUM IS NO MATCH FOR ADAMANTIUM!

SNIKT!

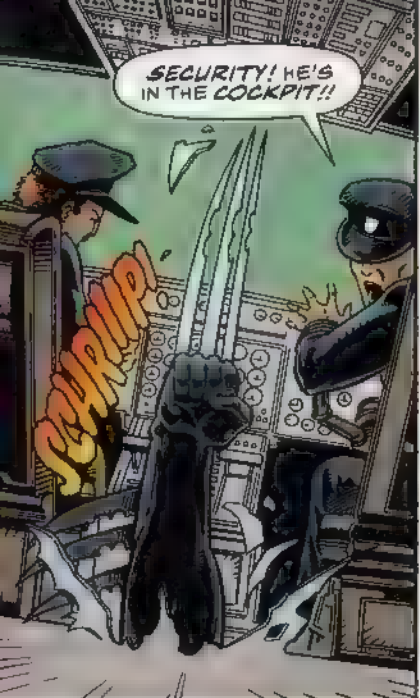


I WANT THE QUARTERBACK LOCKED DOWN TIGHT IN THE TAIL OF THE PLANE!!

SANDERSON! YOU CHECK OUT ALL THE LAVATORIES!

THIS WAY, MR. PRESIDENT!

WILL DO!



SECURITY! HE'S IN THE COCKPIT!!

**SCRRIP!**



I'M HERE TO WARN YOU!

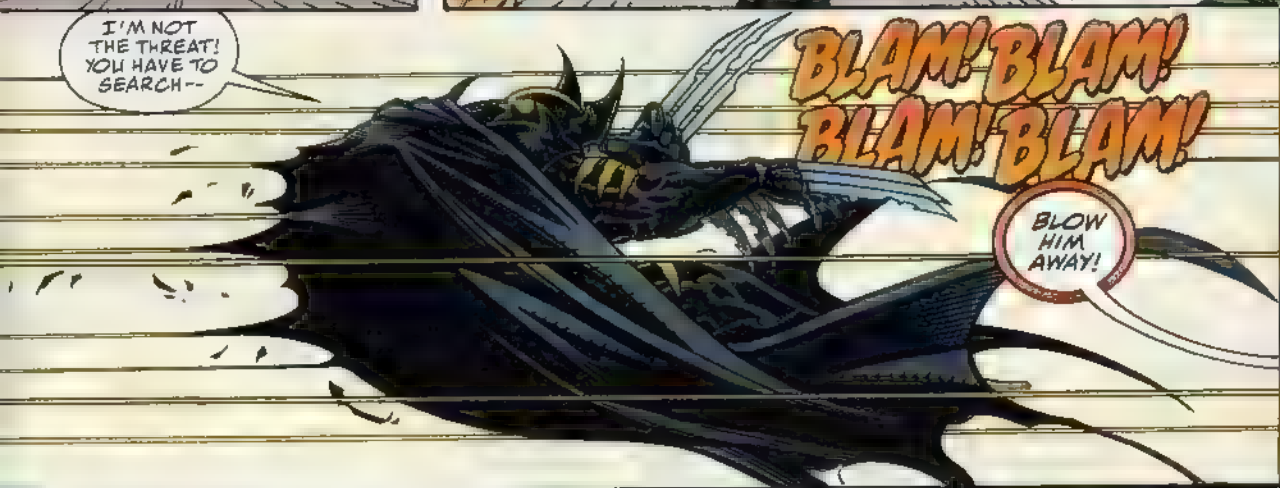
THE HYENA IS MAKING AN ATTEMPT ON THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE--

THE ONLY COSTUMED WACKO I SEE AROUND HERE IS YOU, BUDDY!

YOU FOOLS! HE'S PROBABLY ALREADY ON THIS PLANE!! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW--

FREEZE! DON'T MOVE AN INCH--

I'M NOT THE THREAT! YOU HAVE TO SEARCH--



**BLAM! BLAM!  
BLAM! BLAM!**

BLOW HIM AWAY!



SANDERSON! HAVE YOU CLEARED THE LAVATORIES?

I'M CHECKING THEM NOW!



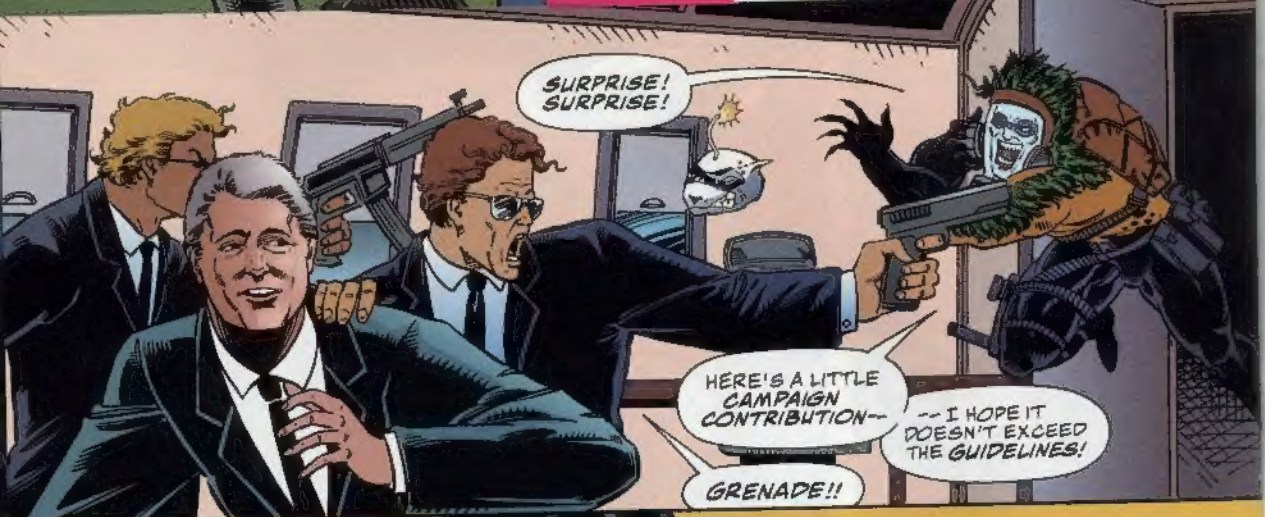
THIS IS NO WAY TO GET A HEAD, LAD!

THIS WOULD PROBABLY PUT YOUR CAREER IN THE TOILET--

**BRAAP!**

--THAT IS, IF YOU WEREN'T ALREADY DEAD!!

**KA-CHUNG!**

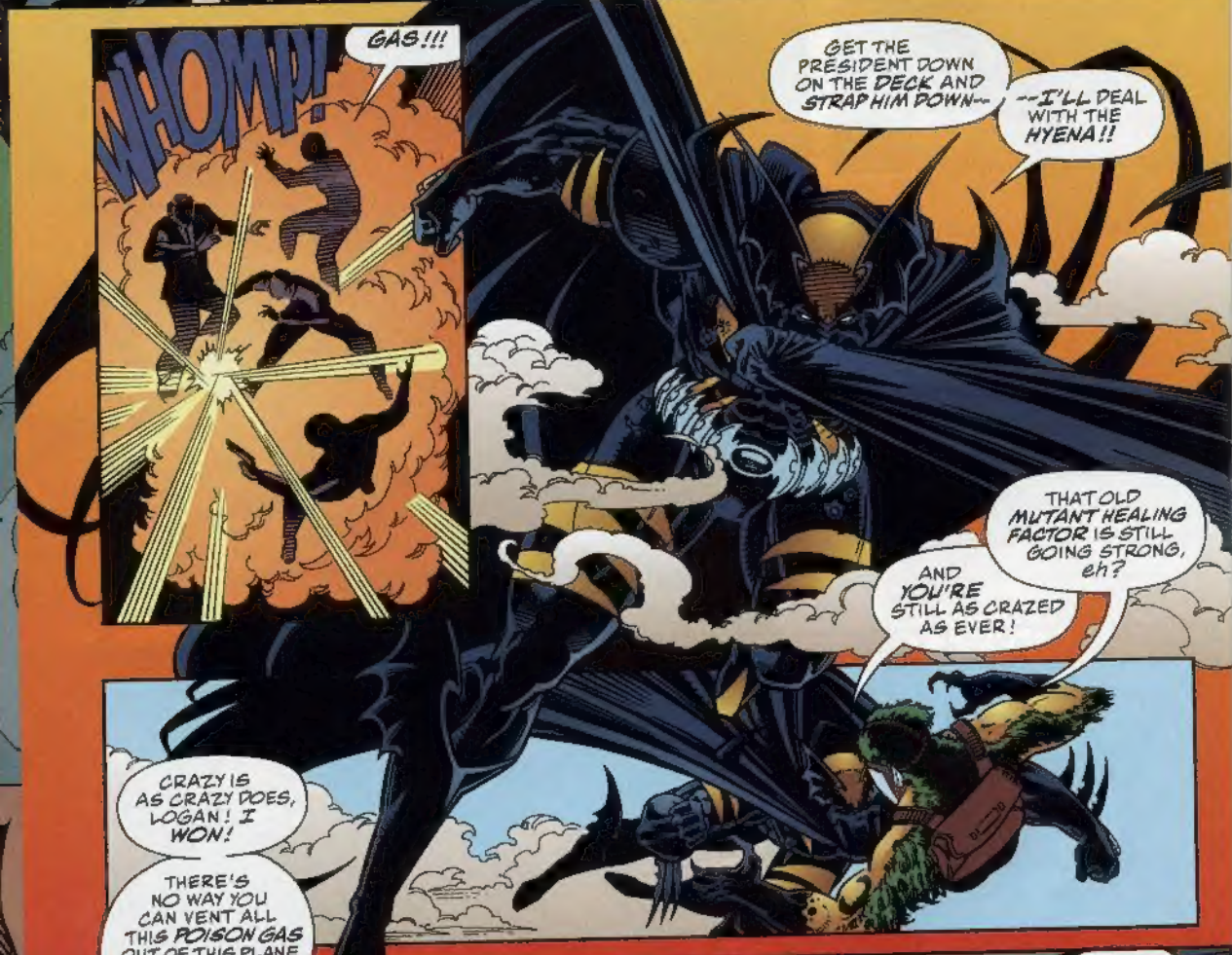


SURPRISE!  
SURPRISE!

HERE'S A LITTLE  
CAMPAIGN  
CONTRIBUTION--

-- I HOPE IT  
DOESN'T EXCEED  
THE GUIDELINES!

GRENADE!!



GAS!!!

WHOMP!

GET THE  
PRESIDENT DOWN  
ON THE DECK AND  
STRAPHIM DOWN--

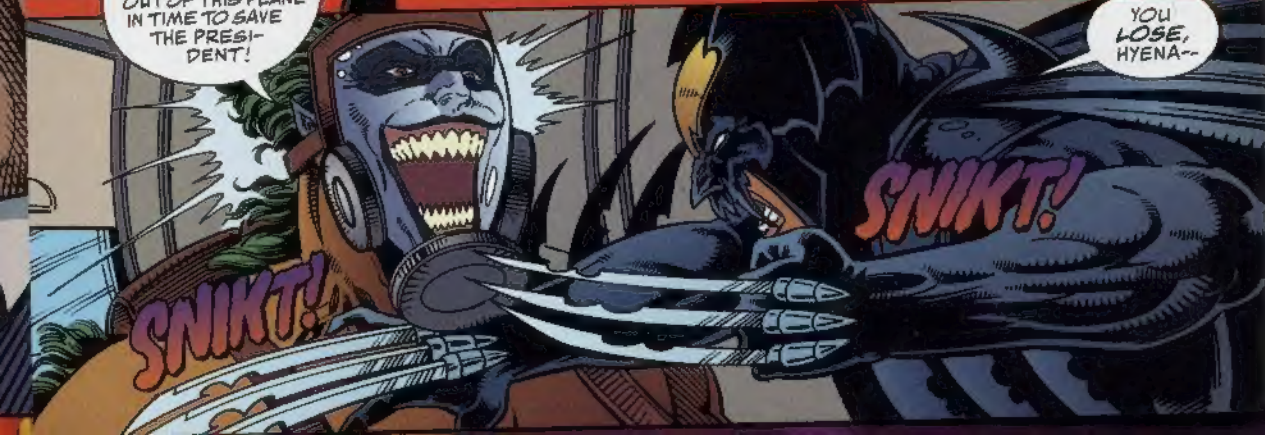
-- I'LL DEAL  
WITH THE  
HYENA!!

THAT OLD  
MUTANT HEALING  
FACTOR IS STILL  
GOING STRONG,  
eh?  
AND  
YOU'RE  
STILL AS CRAZED  
AS EVER!

CRAZY IS  
AS CRAZY DOES,  
LOGAN! I  
WON!

THERE'S  
NO WAY YOU  
CAN VENT ALL  
THIS POISON GAS  
OUT OF THIS PLANE  
IN TIME TO SAVE  
THE PRESIDENT!

YOU  
LOSE,  
HYENA--



SNIKT!

SNIKT!

**SHRRRIIIIPPA!**

--YOU FORGOT ABOUT THE ADAMANTIUM!!

**PA-THOOOOOOM!**

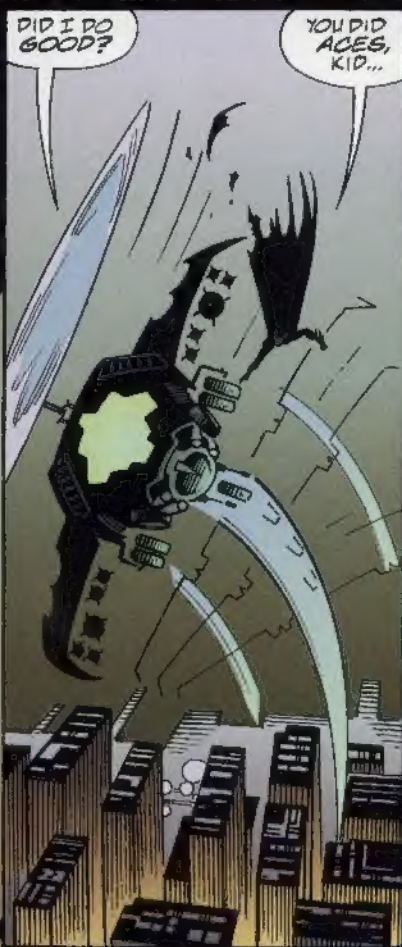
BUT YOU'RE NOT--!

THE EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION BLEW US BOTH OUT OF THE PLANE AND SUCKED OUT MOST OF THE POISON! THE PRESIDENT IS SAVED!

BETTER START FLAPPING YOUR ARMS, LOGAN!

**HAA  
HAA  
HA!**

--BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T BRING A PARACHUTE, AND I DID!!



**NEXT ISSUE:  
THIS CLAW,  
THIS CROSSBOW!**

Dear bodacious clawed one,

Congratulations on getting your own book, and about time if I don't say so myself! I am thoroughly blown away by awesome savage in-your-face-ness and all that cool stuff you say when you're ripping the guts out of nasty bad guys and tearing their faces off with your adamantium claws! One thing, though: You ought to dump that wussy little whiner Jubilee and get yourself a REAL sidekick! I mean, what kind of cheap power is that she has anyway? You could replace her with a midget and a bag of firecrackers! Get somebody as bad and gnarly as the HYENA! Either that or some totally awesome BABE! Yeah! Some totally babed-out ultratwist like some of those nice ladies they have on BAYWATCH! So that's the ticket, dudes—more ripping and stomping and punching claws through brains and tearing out spinal cords through left nostrils and more outrageous totally mind-boggling, to-self-your-soul-for, never-dream-of-getting-near-one-in-the-real-world FURIOUSLY ENDOWED BABES!!!! Get the picture?

Zachary Feuer  
Los Angeles, CA

**We shall take your comments into consideration.**

Dear Editorial People,

I am a long-time collector of Sleuth Comics. I own three complete sets in three condition grades as well as several hundred "traders." My devotion to this particular title has always had more to do with consistency of characterization and logical complexity of the story line rather than the "flavor of the month" art team. This is why I am profoundly disturbed by the current trend towards ret-con and revisionism. Don't you realize that these characters are standing upon several decades of accumulative history? How can you be so cavalier with story lines established by such giants of the industry as G. Waldo Emerson, Elihu Ramakrishna, Paul Kupperberg and E. Nelson Bridwell? Who is this upstart Larry Hama, anyway? Wasn't he the writer on "Sgt. Fury and the Combat-Happy Joes of Easy Company"? What kind of credentials are those for taking over a flagship character like Dark Claw? Larry Hama couldn't write his way out of a paper bag if it was on fire! He actually writes stories that have ENDINGS!! That's not what we want!! He doesn't make allusions to sitcoms, *Star Trek*, and other icons of pop culture. He doesn't even use CAPTIONS, for heaven's sake!!! How are we going to get our daily dose of purple prose without CAP-

# SHRED 'EM AND WEEP

TIONS!! There are those of us out here who LIKE our comics to be pretentious!

Aemon Goldstein  
Toronto, Ontario

**Golly, Aemon, you certainly have opinions, don't you?**

Dear Dark Claw Staff,

I am very pleased indeed with the current creative team on Dark Claw, and I am thrilled that the "Taloned Avenger" is getting his own title at last! I remember Mr. Balent's work from "John Jones, Vampire Hunter" and "Prince Namor the Aqua-Man" and I thought it was quite impressive back then, but lately, it seems he has really found his style and brought his drawing ability right up to the stellar level! I have always enjoyed Mr. Hama's writing and I appreciate the many literary allusions and asides he makes. I, too am a big fan of William Blake, W.B. Yeats and Cormac McCarthy. I was quite impressed with the whole "Agamemnon's Ghost" arc. The visual references to Goya, Bosch and Brueghel (the Elder) were so implicit to the plot, and that paraphrase of the subway sequence from B. Krigstein's "The Master Race" (E.C. Comics) was utterly mind-boggling. I did catch the reference to *The Trojan Women* and the casual aside about Raskalnikov climbing the stairs to murder the pawnbroker in *Crime and Punishment*! Keep up the good work!

Simon Fraser Cains  
Anglesey, N. Wales

Dear Slicers and Dicers,

I wrote a song about Dark Claw. Here it is:

Who the baddest raddest dude?  
Who got the style, who got the moves?  
Who throws down on the gangstas and the rudes?  
Who chucks the molesters off the roofs?  
It's Dark Claw!  
Snikt!  
It's Dark Claw!  
Snikt!  
If you lootin' and shootin'

Your face into luncheon  
Meat all covered with ketchup  
While you just standin' there  
Sayin' "What's up, what's up?"  
And outside it's raining fists on your head  
If you didn't know better, you think you was dead  
Dark Claw!  
Snikt!  
Dark Claw!  
Snikt!

How do you like this song? It needs a heavy house beat with some rad samples. If you like it, I have hundreds more. Your best fan,

Tshonge Arbutnot  
Cleveland, OH

**What can we say, Tshonge? We are touched, we are moved, we are transported. Hope to see more of your songs right here on these pages!**

Dear Creators,

Thank you for remembering that there are a few of us left who appreciate a good story and who actually read the comic instead of bagging it in mint condition. I know you have to answer to the accountants and lawyers who run the corporation, and you have to make concessions to the sales department who pressure you to have big events and crossovers and metallic covers with die-cuts and holograms. It is a lot to stand up against. I just wanted to thank you for caring about the characters as much as the ordinary reader and giving us stories with real human impact.

Margo Bobarek  
Staten Island

**NEXT ISSUE: Whose side is the Huntress really on? You'll be devastated when you learn the awesome answer in—"This Claw, This Crossbow!"**

Cover credits: Jumpin' Jim Balent, pencils; Roarin' Ray McCarthy, inks; Maulin' Matt Hollingsworth, colors and separations.

**AMALGAM**



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